

A PARODY ON OLD LANG SYNE.

[Song at the Simultaneous Temperance Meeting.]

Let drinking rum now be forgot,
And never brought to mind;
Let drinking rum now be forgot,
And cider, beer and wine.

For rum and beer we pay full dear,
With rosy nose and eyes;
We'll take a glass of water now,
For sure we're growing wise.

Now we can sing, the god of wine
Shall conquer us no more,
We'll wheel about and victory shout,
The conquest now is o'er.

And we would hurl this poison far,
That desolates our clime;
We would engage christian and sage
To banish beer and wine.

Nor ground your arms my trusty friends,
For caution sure is right,
Your vigils keep nor think to sleep,
But watch both day and night.

For though we now have signed the pledge,
And victory seems ours,
Yet some may try the ranks to fly,
And join opposing powers.

Let Arnold's fame e'er mark the name
Of him who quits his post;
But those who stand with sword in hand
We sure shall honor most.

From the New York Observer.

Dr. HUMPHREY'S TOUR.—No. 3.

Some of my first impressions of England are already before your readers. I find several other trifles in my note book, which perhaps are hardly worth their attention—but which I wish to dispose of before I proceed to more important matters.

ENGLISH CUSTOM HOUSES.

The place where they examine your trunks in Liverpool, is a sort of back shed, to, I know not what, with a rude pavement for a floor, and a heavy long table, somewhat elevated at one end, for the convenience of the inspectors; who, by the way, seem disposed to treat Americans very civilly, provided they show no disposition to smuggle their effects into his Majesty's dominions. On one side of this dismal shed are suspended a huge pair of balances, the design of which nobody can mistake. I have called this Liverpool prison house of foreign luggage, a shed, for the best reason in the world, that it is the most appropriate name I can think of. I ought to add, however, that they are now building a splendid custom house near by.

At the hour appointed, you go there with your fellow passengers, to pass the ordeal. A trunk is opened and a box, or paper of Spanish cigars is fished up from the bottom. Are these for your own private use? 'Certainly.' And on to the scales they go. 'One pound.' 'You must pay nine shillings, sir, and two and sixpence for entry.' By and by, your own trunks are hosted upon the table. You have no tobacco for his Majesty's custom house; but you have a bible and a few other books in plain sight, with perhaps a small bundle of temperance reports, &c. 'You are liable to pay duty on these, sir.' 'But I only brought along half a dozen books of my own, to read on the voyage.' 'We can't help it; our duty is to weigh them.' 'But such and such volumes are for presents to my friends in England, and the rest were sent out by others, as presents to their friends. Must I pay for these too?' 'Certainly—the law makes no distinction.' 'But,' says one of the officers, very politely, 'if you wish, I will go with you to the Collector, and see what he says. So to his office do you repair and state your case. With pen between his fingers, he looks up and hears you thro' very patiently, and then says, 'It is not in my power to give you any relief, sir. I think the duty on books ought to be taken off, but there it is, and we must go by the law. A friend sent me a book from America the other day, and I had to pay duty.' You return to see your books and pamphlets fairly weighed, and then pay your ten or twenty shillings, with this consolation, that the highest officer in the department cannot relieve you. Now these things are somewhat vexatious for the moment. But we have no right to complain. We are not obliged to go to England, or any other country, unless we choose; and we never visit foreign lands, but when we think that, all things considered, it is for our interest to go.

ENGLISH COACHES, COACHMEN AND GUARDS.

An English coach is a very safe, and upon the whole, a very comfortable vehicle to travel in, or rather on—for the best seats, in fair weather are on the top; and what stranger would consent to be whirled over this beautiful country, at the rate of ten miles an hour, shut up in a narrow box below? Till you get fairly seated on one of these coaches, the responsibility rests entirely with yourself. They never call for you

lodgings, and they scarcely ever go one rod out of their way to take you up. For example; if you want to leave London for Edinburgh, at seven o'clock in the morning, you must be at the coach office with your baggage, a little before the time; so that every thing may be in readiness the moment the clock strikes. If you are tardy only one or two minutes, you may return to your boarding-house at your leisure; and wait for the next chance. And if you mean to get a good seat, you must take it, or lay your clock upon it, the moment the coach drives up to the door of the office. Judging from my own experience, it does very little good to engage a seat before-hand. Be on the ground soon enough to lay your over coat where you wish to sit, and nobody will think of supplanting you during the whole journey. This system is attended with inconvenience; but it has its advantage also. If nobody waits for you, you wait for nobody; and, as I have already remarked, you are morally certain of reaching any given place at the hour.

The English coachmen form a class by themselves, and I am inclined to think quite a respectable class. With hardly any exceptions, I found them civil and intelligent. It is true, they are a little apt to regard themselves as the principal personages on board; a circumstance, however, which need not greatly disquiet you, so long as they do their duty well, and keep every thing right side up. After being in the country a few weeks, you can hardly mistake one of these sons of Nimshi, wherever you happen to meet him. His broad-brimmed hat—his drab-colored quaker-like coat and small clothes—his white topped boots, his air, his goodly latitudinal capacity, and his plump weather-beaten face, all tell you to what cast he belongs, with almost unerring certainty.

Once mounted upon his neat, well cushioned throne, the English coachman has a right to stay there, if he pleases, from Manchester to London; and we be to the poor coal heaver, market, boy, or donkey that happens to be in the right line of his driving. When he comes up to the hotel the relay of horses stands ready harnessed in the middle of the street, and he looks down upon his subjects, the grooms, with a complacent smile, for the moment which it requires to take off and hitch on, when the sharp crack announces that the measure of the next ten miles is begun. When these co-ordinate sovereigns meet, as they needs often must, they exchange salutations, very significantly, by raising the elbow at a sharp angle, and turning out towards each other. The omission of this august etiquette, would be regarded as affording sufficient cause for a complete non intercourse, if not for absolute reprisals. In passing one another, upon the road, all kinds of vehicles in Great Britain turn to the left and not to the right, as we do. At first, I thought this left-handed philosophy of theirs, was wrong and I was beginning to congratulate my country upon her advantage over them in this particular, when I perceived in passing the next coach their left hand is decidedly safer than our right, as it brings both the coachmen on that side, where the danger of collision lies, and enables them better to avoid it. *Memoirandum.* Often when we are quite sure that our way is the best, and wonder at the awkwardness of other people, they have more reason for differing from us, than we have of differing from them. The length of each coachman's route, is from forty to sixty miles; and when he resigns his seat to his portly brother, he advances up to you and touches his hat with the tip of his fore-finger, which means, 'a shilling sir.' If you give him less, he comes to a dead stand—which is as much as to say, 'that won't do, sir,' and you rummage your purse for a few more coppers. If you give him more than the shilling, he thanks you, and walks off to salute the next passenger.

Every coach that carries the royal mail, I believe, is required to have a guard. Certainly this is the case on all the great mail routes of the three kingdoms. The guard has his box behind the passengers on the coach, wears a scarlet uniform, goes armed, and carries a kind of bugle, swung over his shoulder like the belt of a bayonet. Most of the other coaches, are furnished with a guard. This man sees to putting on your baggage, (though you must pay the porter for that service) takes in and throws out small packages on

the road, and blows his horn most vociferously, when you approach the stand for changing horses, and also when he sees any cart, wagon, man, or beast, in the way of your swift couriers. And he cannot guard and blow all day for nothing. In general he remains with you till the second coachmen comes to the end of his route, and then touches his hat also, for the shilling. But this does not always satisfy him, especially if he suspects you are an American, and have come to see your good old mother country. In going from Warwick to London, it was quite dark before we reached the city. After jolting half an hour over the pavements, the coach turned into a narrow, gloomy valley, and our baggage was taken off. A porter was at hand, and had shouldered my trunks to carry them to a boarding house in Falcon Square, when I put what I supposed to be the customary tribute, into the hand of the guard. It smote him like the shock of a galvanic battery. 'Put down that luggage,' exclaimed he in a peremptory tone to the porter. 'What's the matter?' quoth I, 'hav'n't I given you enough?' 'Enough, do you call that enough?' 'Well, how much more do you ask?' 'Ask! I ask nothing. Gentlemen always give what they please; but that won't do.' My spirit, I confess, was a little stirred within me. A man of the world, and at home in London, would probably have called a police man, and taken his guardship to Bow-street. But there I was, a perfect stranger, in the night, and in the heart of that great city, which I had never seen before, and not choosing to get into a quarrel just then and there, for sixpence, I gave the following another metallic shock, about as had as the first, and strange to tell, instead of falling into convulsions, he walked deliberately away, saying that will do a little better.

ENGLISH HOTELS AND SERVANTS.

The more respectable public houses of Britain are very comfortable. You are well served, and get almost any thing you choose to order at the shortest notice. Nothing strikes you more than the difference between a large dining-hall in London or Liverpool, and one in New York or Boston. In place of one long table, for forty or fifty people, you will see a dozen or more small ones, where each traveller and boarder sits down with one or two friends, perhaps, and sips his coffee, and reads the newspaper, and very deliberately manages his own affairs in his own way. The bills are considerably higher than in this country, owing chiefly, I presume, to the heavy taxes upon the necessities of life as the luxuries.

Nothing makes us Americans so nervous, especially at first, as the importunity of the servants, when you are about leaving. 'Waiter, sir'—'chambermaid, sir'—'boots sir'—'poter sir'—all in a breath. 'Well how much do you want?' 'O just what you please, sir,' is the reply, 'we ask nothing.' But we be to the traveller, who does not give them the customary fee. You are at perfect liberty, according to the theory of this system, to give little or nothing, as you please. And yet there is no escape. They compel you to give freely and liberally, too, whether you will or not, and this is what vexes you, ten times more than the money is worth, till you make up your mind to take things as you find them, and console yourself with the reflection, that for the most part you are better served in an English, than an American hotel, and that your charges would be higher than they are, if the servants were not paid in this way.

THE MOUNTAIN DOCTOR.

A wealthy farmer, much affected with hypochondria, came to Langanan to consult Michael Scrupatch, better known by the appellation of the Mountain Doctor. 'I have seven devils in my belly,' said he; 'no fewer than seven.' 'There are more than seven,' replied the Doctor with the utmost gravity; 'if you will count them right, you will find.' After questioning the patient concerning his case, he promised to cure him in eight days, during which time he would, each day, rid him of one of his troublesome inmates, at the rate of one louis d'or for each. 'But,' added he, 'as the last will be more obstinate and difficult to expel than the others, I shall expect two louis d'ors for him.'

The farmer agreed to these terms; the bargain was struck; and the Doctor, impressing upon all present the necessity of secrecy, promised

to give the nine louis d'ors to the poor of the parish. Next morning the imaginary demoniac was brought to him, and placed near a kind of machine, which he had never seen before, by means of which he received an electric shock. The farmer roared out lustily.

'There goes one!' said the Doctor, with the utmost gravity.

Next day the same operation was repeated; the farmer bellowed as before, and the Doctor colly remarked, '—Another is off!'

In this manner he proceeded to the seventh. When he was preparing to attack the last, Scrupatch reminded the patient that he now had need of all his courage; for he was the captain of the gang, who would make the more obstinate resistance than any of the others. The shock was, at this time, so strong as to extend the demoniac on the floor.

'Now are they gone!' said the Doctor, and ordered the farmer to be put to bed.

On recovering himself, the latter declared he was completely cured; he paid the nine louis d'ors with abundance of thanks, and returned in the best spirits to the village.

PROSPECTUS of the present Vol. of THE ROCHESTER GEM AND LADY'S AMULET.

Devoted to the dissemination of Useful Knowledge, Historical, Biographical and Fictitious Writings, to Essays, Moral Readings, Sentiment, Wit, and Poetry.

Eight quarto pages, at \$1, in advance. The present proprietors of the Gem and Ladies' Amulet have procured new type, and design to make the eighth volume still more worthy the patronage of those who have so long sustained it. Without making any very high pretensions, we shall endeavor to offer sufficient inducements to literary men in this region of country, to make our columns, in part at least, the medium of their communications to the public, at the same time that a fostering care will be extended to youthful and native genius. If no more successful than our predecessors, we shall be able, as they have been, to occupy a reasonable proportion of each number with original matter.

In making selection, we shall aim at cultivating the choicest perennials flowers from modern writers and standard works, as well as pieces in prose of a useful and entertaining character. One point we wish to have distinctly understood. Nothing of a sectarian or controversial kind will find admittance so far as ordinary care can guard against it. Each number shall contain at least one story or tale, and in this department we shall generally have regard to a good practical moral, as well as exciting incidents.

As to the permanency of the work we have no fears. There are paying subscribers enough to support it, and we have had too much experience in such matters to drain off our life blood by sending long to those who never pay. The terms will be the same as for the last volume—One dollar fifty cents to those in the city who have it left at their doors—in advance.

Any person who may obtain five subscribers, and remit five dollars, in advance free of postage, shall receive six copies.

Any person who shall remit ten dollars, in advance, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies and one bound volume at the end of the year.

No subscriptions received for less than one year.

The volume will commence with the second Saturday in January, 1836, and contain 26 numbers, 8 pages each, including title page and index.

SHEPARD & STRONG.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT. The subscriber would respectfully notify travellers and the community generally, that he has opened a house of entertainment two miles south of Montpelier, where the road forks to Barre and Danville, at the sign of the MONTPELIER TEMPERANCE COFFEE-HOUSE.

where every thing for the comfort of travellers, and the gratification of parties of pleasure, usually found at a public-house, may be had except ardent spirits.

All persons who wish for good accommodations and desire to patronize such a house, are invited to call.

FREDERICK MARSH. Montpelier, Jan. 12th, 1836. 21—3m.

A new and valuable Composition OF MEDICINE, prepared by J. Newton, Norwich, Vermont, named PAIN-EXPELLER, or Purifier of the Blood.

I think this to be the best antispasmodic now extant for the removal of nervous trembling of the stomach hands, etc. in restoring to health and strength those who labor under great debility. In Scrofula or Kings Evil, Cutaneous eruptions, the early stage of Consumption, relaxation, female weakness, stranguy, gravel, diabetes, costiveness, dropsy, bilis, and other sores. It is a good restorative from fevers. For a more full view of its efficacy see the bill of directions and pamphlet of certificates, for which call on Doct. Prentiss. I further say I never before knew any one medicine do so much good in so short a time and in so small a cure. It is also very pleasant to take. Put up in Junk or Pint bottles at 113 1-2 and 80. It can be obtained at East Windsor, Woodstock, Montpelier of E. H. Prentiss, and of the subscriber. Also ointment for scrofula, a wash for Herpes Tetter or Salt Rheum, &c.

ISRAEL NEWTON.

Norwich, Vt. Oct. 1835. P. S. Within the last three months this medicine has cured and been of essential service, mostly in Norwich, 30 persons of debility, nervous trembling, and cutaneous eruptions, one of scrofula, and ten or twelve of other complaints.

THOMSONIAN.

VERMONT BOTANIC INFIRMARY, AND INSANE HOSPITAL.

DR. J. WRIGHT opened his Infirmary in this village, in April last, since which he has administered medicine—not poison—to several hundred patients. Having more business than was anticipated, he has been obliged to take a larger house, and has accordingly taken the large three story building, 30 by 70, corner of Maine and Hubbard-streets, opposite Shepherd's Hotel. It is occupied exclusively for the accommodation of the sick, where he may always be found, except when visiting his patients abroad, as he is determined to devote his whole time and attention to the science of Medicine.

The Infirmary is situated in a central, airy, and pleasant part of this flourishing village; has separate apartments fitted up for gentlemen and ladies; and is, in every respect, convenient for the accommodation of the sick. The location being central, near the capital of the State, where stages are coming in from all directions, the Infirmary will be easy of access to the southern, northern, eastern, western, and central parts of Vermont, and their vicinities—Canada, New-Hampshire, New York, &c. It will be a home for the sick, the lame, and the insane, where they can be cured of all their infirmities, on the true principles of philosophy and science. Ladies, in particular, can be attended on at the Infirmary, as rooms will be fitted up expressly for that purpose—or, at their homes.

Dr. WRIGHT has been acquainted with the Thomsonian System of Medical Practice for many years; commenced his practice in this, his native state, then moved to Acton, Massachusetts, where he practiced two years within twenty-five miles of Boston, enjoying all the advantages resulting from an acquaintance with Dr. SAMUEL THOMSON, the father of the System, and the Managers and Practitioners of the principal Infirmarys and Hospitals in the city; has gleaned all the good he could from other Systems of Medicine; and has had an extensive practice in this village and vicinity for seven months past, not losing one patient. With these advantages and qualifications, he hopes he shall continue to receive, as he is now receiving, a large share of public patronage.

The services of Dr. JOHNSON and wife, both experienced in attending the sick, have been engaged. Dr. Johnson will superintend the male, and Mrs. Johnson the female department, Dr. WRIGHT, himself, superintending the whole.

Vapor Baths, and Medicated Vapor Baths, in readiness at all times for the sick; or well.

TERMS. Board \$1.75 per week, exclusive of washing; Courses of Medicine, \$2, amounting from \$3.75 to \$12 per week, according to the number of courses taken. Extra charges will be made for being up lights, having watchers, separate rooms and fires.

Charges for visiting patients abroad, very reasonable; and the poor destitute of friends to assist them, will never apply for relief in vain.

The expenses of the establishment being considerable, those coming from a distance will be expected to settle their bills before leaving the Infirmary.

Advice gratis. A large stock of Medicines on hand at Boston prices.

THE FOLLOWING DISEASES, among others, can be cured at the Vermont Botanic Infirmary:

- | | |
|---|--|
| Fever of all kinds, | Numb-Palsy, |
| Dyspepsia, | Lock-Jaw, |
| Liver and Lung complaints, | Asthma, |
| Hydrophobia, | Convulsive Fits or Nervous Affections, |
| Atrophia, | Piles, |
| Inflammation of the Bowels, | Ulcers, |
| Dropsy, | Scald-Head, |
| Palpitation of the heart, | White Swelling, |
| St. Vitus' Dance, | Ring Worms, |
| Nervous Debility, | Tetters, and other Cutaneous affections, |
| Sick Head-Ache, | Gorrawhoen, |
| Rheumatism, | Syphilis, |
| Sciatic, | General Debility, |
| Bronchocoele, | Consumptions, |
| Hernia, | Female Weakness, |
| And all other female complaints cured by Colds, &c. &c. | |

Vegetable Medicines for sale, accompanied with directions. Composition, Pungent or Stimulating, Nerve, Canker, Cough and Tooth Powders; Spice, Wine, Golden, Jaundice, Physical, and Anti-Dyspeptic Bitters; Green and Brown Emetic; Hot or Rheumatic Drops, and Rheumatic Liniment; Olive, Nerve and Itch Ointments; Hair Oil and Bear's Grease; Corn, Cleansing and Healing Salve; Cancer, Strengthening and Sticking Plasters; Cough, Tooth-Ache and Asthmatic Drops; Lobelia, 1st, 2d, and 3d preparations; Peach-nut, Cholera, Worm, and Liver Complaint Syrup; Mother's Friend and Female Regulator; Lotion for Itch, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, and other bad humors and sores; Eye Water; Aromatic Snuff; Head-ache; Stimulating, Physical, and Linctic Pills; Volatile Salts, or Smelling Powders, &c.

Books for sale. Dr. Thompson's Narrative and New Guide to Health, or Botanic Family Physician, price, \$20. Dr. Robinson's Lectures, 60 cts. Quackery Exposed, 12 1-2 cts. &c.

A change of Linen is necessary in every course of Medicine.

Village of Montpelier, {

November 23, 1835.

N. B. The advantages being great at the Infirmary, young men of good education and correct moral habits, can here qualify themselves for extensive usefulness, in the Botanic Practice, on reasonable terms.

TO PRINTERS.

THE subscribers have on hand the following fonts of Type, partly worn, which they offer for sale on reasonable terms.

SMALL PICA, 300 lbs.

LONG PRIMER, 250 "

BOURGEOIS, 300 "

—ALSO—

1 CAST IRON

Printing Press,

Clymer's Patent.

KNAPP & JEWELL.

June 1835.

W. P. GREEN,



PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURER.

WOULD respectfully inform the inhabitants of Woodstock and others, that he has taken rooms in a large building immediately north of the bank, on Elm-street, where he has commenced the business of manufacturing

PIANO-FORTES,

of the most fashionable and approved construction, with

MAHOGANY AND ROSE-WOOD CASES.

of the first rate finish, which will be warranted equal, in every respect, to any others, or no sale; and will be sold as cheap, or cheaper than in the city, or at any country manufactory.

Having been engaged in the business for a number of years, he flatters himself that he is fully competent to produce instruments of the most perfect, rich and full ones, and which will give entire satisfaction to the purchaser.

Gentlemen who may be calculating to procure Piano-Fortes from the cities, will save themselves much trouble as well as money, by calling on W. P. G. where they will at all times be able to obtain a prime article, on short notice, and at a reduced price!

PIANO-FORTES repaired and tuned at short notice.

Wanted, as above, one first rate Journeyman Cabinet Maker, who will find good encouragement.

Woodstock Green, June 2, 1835. 95

Flour,

From new Wheat, received and for sale directly opposite Village Hotel, by

B. B. DIMOCK.

Sept. 26.

Chance for a bargain.

I have for sale a handsomely finished strong built single SLEIGH, which I will sell cheap for Cash, Produce, or second.

E. AVERY, at the Journal Office.

Nov. 23, 1834.

PAY THE POST.

THE subscriber hereby gives notice that an immediate settlement of all debts due him is absolutely necessary to save cost.

SIMEON PRATT.

Watford, Jan. 23, 1836.

WHO BUYS?

THE subscriber offers for sale two convenient and well finished DWELLING HOUSES, elegantly situated on Hubbard-street, Montpelier, Vermont. One of said buildings is built of brick, the other of wood, and nearly new. One or both will be sold on favorable terms. One half in advance—the remainder to be paid in a term of years.

For further particulars inquiry may be made of E. Withersell, or E. Colburn, on the premises.

SAMUEL UPHAM JR.

Montpelier, Sept. 26, 1835. 263d.

Saddlery Hardware.

THE Subscriber has a large stock of the above Ware, which he is selling lower than has been sold in this village before.

HENRY V. BARNES.

Montpelier, January 18, 1836.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE CULTURE OF SILK, adapted to the Climate and Soil of the United States.

By F. G. COMSTOCK, Secretary of the Hartford County Silk Society, and Editor of the Silk Culturist. Illustrated by Engravings.

The interest in all parts of the United States in the Culture and Manufacture of Silk, manifested by the constant calls for information on the subject, has induced the publisher to have prepared a plain Practical Treatise on the Cultivation of the Mulberry and Rearing Silk Worms, adapted to the Soil and Climate of this country and to the wants of plain practical men.

The Practical Culturist in this country needs a directory adapted to the Soil on which he plants his trees, and the Climate in which he rears his worms, without reference to Soils and Climates less congenial to their growth. It has been therefore the object of the author to make a treatise, strictly practical, omitting nothing of importance and adding nothing of a useless or extraneous character.

As making the raw material into Sewing Silk and Twist is very profitable to the Silk grower, all necessary information for that purpose will be given.

This work is in Press and will soon be published in a duodecimo of about 160 pages, in handsome binding—price 50 cents. A part of the edition will be put up in elastic covers to be forwarded by mail.

Editors of Newspapers who will give the above three insertions, with this notice, and forward their paper with the advertisement marked, shall be entitled to a copy of the work, to be forwarded to their order.

WM. G. COMSTOCK.

Hartford, Dec. 1835.

WOOD.

THOSE of our subscribers who have contracted to pay in wood for the Journal, will oblige us by forwarding it soon.

Dec. 1.

A few bushels of Corn and Oats wanted.

JOB PRINTING.

IN all its variety, executed with taste and despatch at the Journal Office.

January 25.

Notice.

I have this day relinquished and given to my son, E. PAGE SCRIBNER, his time, while under age, and I will in no case hereafter, claim his earnings or property, nor will I be in any way accountable for his debts of any description.

EBENEZER SCRIBNER.

Middlesex, Jan. 20, 1836.